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Whoever will become responsible for the payment of nine papers, shall receive a tenth gratis.

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No advertisement inserted until it has been paid for, or its payment assumed by some person in this town, or its vicinity.

All letters to the editors must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

## AGRICULTURAL.



Like the first mortals blest in he,  
From debts, and usury, and business free,  
With his own team who ploughs the soil,  
Which grateful once confessed his father's toil.

FROM THE PLOUGH BOY.

### TO CLEAN FLAX-SEED.

Mr. Southwick: I will give you my plan for cleaning flax-seed. You are at liberty to publish it in your valuable paper, if you think it worthy of notice.

Make a comb of wood, similar to the wool comb, only one row of teeth: a boy of ten or twelve years old will comb off bowls enough, in one day, for any farmer's seed. When this is done, take your wheat riddle, and riddle the whole, leaving the bowls by themselves: clean your floor, thresh the bowls; after which run through the mill, and your seed will be perfectly freed from all kinds of foul seed.

Any mechanic can make a comb for 25 cents. Take hard wood, six inches long; split it half or three quarters of an inch square; try out two inches for the butt ends; taper from this to the point in the shape of a hand-saw file, only the point verging upon one side, so as to leave one side perfectly flat and straight; set the teeth in a mortar or groove, cut on purpose, with the flat sides all one way. This done, put a stem or handle in the piece of wood which has the teeth in; drive this stem in the post (as above) firm, with the teeth inclining toward the post. A.

P. S. If any farther description be necessary, I will endeavor to explain more fully.

## PORTRAITURE.

From "LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON."

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

The subjects in which Mr. WIRT excels, and in which he displays the best specimens of his style of writing, are those of elocution and oratory, which may be found interspersed throughout all his literary works. His style of speaking bears a strong affinity to his style of writing, and blazes not unfrequently with the effulgence of Curranian eloquence; but the splendor of Curran is only calculated for the modern rostrum, and at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the senate, can only sparkle on the fancy, without exciting the heart, and play around the imagination without rousing the feelings or convincing the judgment. I am sorry to perceive so strong a propensity generally among the Virginian orators, for this species of glitter and rodomontade. Curran, with all his genius, founded a school on false eloquence, to which many in this country wish to belong, and glory in being considered as pupils. Phillips has carried in Ireland, his master's style to an unnatural pitch, and what was exuberance in Curran, has become intolerable fastidiousness in him. Into this absurdity and error some of the Virginian speakers have also fallen, from extravagance of admiration, want of judgment, and badness of taste. As an example, I was lately present in the house of representatives, when a Virginian, of some reputation, made a very inflated and gorgeous apostrophe to the common law, but instead of exciting tears, as he supposed on so pathetic and occasion, the reverse was the case, and the poor orator's swollen apostrophe fell dead-born from his mouth, to his infinite mortification.

Whatever were the errors into which Mr. Wirt may have fallen, at the commencement of his oratorical career, from false imitation, and a brilliant fancy, his good sense has since enabled him to shun them, and to adopt a more

chaste and correct style of speaking. As you have never had an opportunity of seeing any of his speeches, I will send you a few extracts from one of his specimens of oratory, in the case of Aaron Burr, who was tried, some years ago, for treason. The orator, after describing the character of Burr, proceeds to give the following picture of Blannerhasset, an Irishman, who had come to this country to avoid what he called persecution, and who had retired to a beautiful island, in the Ohio: "But he carried with him," says Mr. Wirt, "taste, science and wealth, and 'lo, the desert smiled.' Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him; music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature; peace, tranquility and innocence shed their mingled delights around him, and to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, this tranquility, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to turn this paradise into hell; yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him." Blannerhasset is caught in the toils which the arch-traitor has set to ensnare him, and he becomes a willing accomplice in the conspiracy. The result is thus described by the orator:

"No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste; his books are abandoned; his retort and crucible are thrown aside; his shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar; even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a desert; and in a few months we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately 'permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly,' we see her shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another; this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in his grand drama of guilt and treason; this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged and steeped in misery, is comparatively innocent—a mere accessory. Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason."

By comparing these passages with some of Curran's *crim. con.* speeches, you will discover a strong similitude, and an evident imitation; though the American orator falls short of his Irish prototype in picturesque effect and in splendor of painting. I will detain you no longer. Adieu.

S—.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Messrs. Editors: It has been truly remarked, that every neighborhood is in itself a little world. Self-interest there, as in the more expanded sphere of public life, exercises the same predominant influence over the human heart, displayed in a multitude of amiable or malignant passions, that want but the theatre of a turbulent and warring universe to display Bonapartes in ambition, Arnolds in perfidy, and Washingtons in magnanimity. A delineation of the glaring specks, as well as the brilliant points in the prominent characters on the stage of life, does much to check evil propensities, and encourage virtuous actions. A picture of what is faulty or praiseworthy in private character, has less in it to attract, but may have an equally powerful effect, since it is brought more immediately home to ourselves. The vices of eminent men are public misfortunes; their virtues public benefits—

In their deeds of glory, we gaze on them as objects more to be admired than imitated; while in the ruin wrought by their lawless passions, we view them with feelings more nearly allied to dread than to detestation. In the sketches drawn from the domestic circle, we hail our intimate acquaintances: the little foibles, the mild and unobtrusive virtues, and bolder faults, all betray them. What is amiable in them, certainly excites our emulation; and that we do not profit much by the evil consequences of their failings, is principally because we are too familiar with them.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

To have the desired effect, then, names should be suppressed, that we may not allege, as an excuse, the conduct of one in this instance erring, but in many others, perhaps, worthy commendation. We are too apt to forgive our excesses, because others have been guilty of the like, not reflecting we do not possess those shining qualities that ensure a pardon for a momentary eclipse. Titles, therefore, are no object. 'Tis not the acquaintance, but the example, of the individual we are to shun or to follow. Yet it is not expected, nor is it desired, so entirely to metamorphose the character as to elude the discovery of the most acute. Disguise the countenance as you will, soul still beams in the speaking eye, and the heart still glows on the trembling lip.—All that is wished is so to shade the portraiture, as to make it a pleasing employment to seek through the light coloring the well known features of a friend.

Among those held in my mind's eye, for the purpose expressed in the preceding remarks, there is a bevy of odd beings living in the neighborhood around me, whose good qualities, faults and foibles I intend delineating for the instruction and amusement of the community. Not having arrived at that age when I could, with strict justice, be numbered among them, I feel some fear in freely descending on their characters; but when I reflect that the worst they can wish me, is, that I may be as one of them, a solitary, isolated being in the crowd, feeding on spleen, and drinking the bitter draught of lonely existence, I cannot be deterred from tearing the curtain aside. Besides, to deprive them even of a shadow to ground a murmur on, I have determined to commence with myself; hoping from them, as well as from your readers, candid forbearance when I am faulty, and forgiveness for the mass of egotism that follows.

I have ever thought that man blessed in temper who, conscious of his own defects, envies not the want of them in others; and aware of his many foibles, can good humoredly join in the laugh at their expense. I am one of those rare kind of men who, with a tolerable share of the above happy qualifications, carelessly win my way through a bustling world, neither so tied to its pleasures as to depend on them for happiness, nor so linked to its miseries as to sacrifice to them my ease and quiet; and well satisfied, if the crowd, by a light jostle, are barely reminded of my existence. Friends I have, 'tis true; at least in my acceptance of the term. Around me are neighbors with whom I can spend an hour, nay, an evening, in social chat and conviviality. But I do not mourn that there is not among them an Achilles, for I am no Eneas. Friendship of that exalted kind of which poets speak, I revere, yet expect not in real life. It might possibly have existed in ages generally called fabulous, but at this time to look for it would be the madness of infatuation. There is a degree of perfection required in the human system, before the inoculation of friendship will freely take. What perfection in this age is, I think, merely ideal.—Some may suppose my life has never furnished incidents calculated to interest the feelings of a friend. What, pray, kind sepiets, are with you objects of confidence? Petty intrigues with giddy females? I, too, could boast; yet am odd enough to think that favors conferred should be only known to the parties. Hopes of paltry ambition? I, too, have been flattered by the *ignis fatuus*; yet foolishly thought it wisdom to conceal it, lest an ill-natured world should laugh at my disappointment. Thinking that no man's secrets are so well secured as when locked in his own breast, I have carefully avoided trusting my cares and troubles in a bosom friend. True, I have no mysteries of my own, no hair-erecting tales of others, to hide from a prying world. But I am conscious that my folly, conceit and ignorance have led me to the commission of many common-place faults, which would do me no credit to disclose to any one. The errors that already glare to the public eye are sufficiently numerous, without adding one teller to the number. I love the esteem of friends that are so lenient as to forgive them, too well to risk the loss by a silly disclosure of my own shame and disgrace.

I was unfortunate, when young, to lose my parents, and with them many prospects in life calculated to flatter, cheer and bless. The loss to me was an important one; for I have no doubt that my character, views in life, and general features of action would, at this time, have been

very different from what they are. With a father to direct and train the infant mind, every thing that hope could wish, ambition covet, and perseverance win, would have been within my grasp. Fate forbade it; and I, an uncured orphan, took my way where fancy pointed, and passion led. What could be expected from a wild boy, cast among strangers, who cared not how he guided his little canoe, so as it ran not foul their vessels' course? Some years have elapsed since I could first pride myself on the title "man;" and it is now no difficult matter to point out the errors of past life and the faults of present character. In despite of self-love, I can see them; and why not tell them? Justice to those who may hereafter, through my mirror, be held up to the public eye, demands the record. I winced not at the trial. To proceed, then: The prominent defect in my character, is its want of point. The desultory manner in which I pursued the studies assigned me, and the works I selected for my amusement, have left a vague, confused, and undefined impression on my mind, that recollects but by halves, grasps but at intervals, and portrays ideas and incidents only by twilight features. Character certainly depends much on mind. In me, thence, the former assimilates to the latter. "Every thing by fits and starts, yet nothing long." Half soldier, half statesman, with a superficial knowledge of the principles of almost every employment and profession in life, my attainments throw no lustre on my own reputation, (for every man understands his calling better than I do,) add no new light to that already experienced; for I am not master enough of any to reason without aid. One great fault (and rather a consequence of the defect just mentioned) is my propensity to *day-dreaming*. This is a flower sprung from the seeds sown by romance. Its fruit is ripening with age, and I fear will only die with the spirits that gave it ideal body and existence. How difficult, when man, to eradicate habits formed in youth; that have grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength; till, like the instinctive appetites of our nature, they become uncontrollable, unless from time to time indulged! This, fault as it is, has become meat and drink to me.

Habits are soon assum'd; but when we strive  
To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.....COWPER.

Of its dangerous effects on weak and romantic minds, perhaps many of your readers are aware; of its influence over the hopes, and joys, and ambition of active, real life, none but one who has indulged in it to the excess that I have, can truly and feelingly speak. It is too important and too copious a subject to be included in the bounds of this piece; and shall, therefore, be laid aside for some future less busy time. Another defect (in which I believe I have the general countenance of the world) is vanity. I am vain of my little personal and mental accomplishments, although conscious of their inferiority to those of many around me. "The scarcity of an article," says Smith, "is what renders it valuable, where there is a demand for it." I leave the application to others. Pride I have, and that displayed in a rude and impolite manner; in a cold and forbidding carriage towards those whom office or property fix in a higher sphere. My heart is the seat of strong passions, though few or none are aware of it. A continual struggle to control them has met with success; and I now bear the reputation of "good-humored, temperate, and unfeeling." That I possess an evenly temper, I candidly acknowledge is owing to strenuous exertion ever since reason taught me the absurdity and danger of giving anger full headway. The elements lie at rest, because no power hath, with a master's hand, given them motion. The time may yet come when they may spring into action, a raging tempest. If temperance be a virtue, I have cause to laud myself, for my inclination leans to its opposite. Habit, in this instance, has been called in to aid in checking the propensity; and that, with a sense of its degrading effects, will, I hope, keep it in bonds. "Unfeeling!"—yes, in one sense, I am. My tears are not at my bidding; and I avoid scenes of woe, because it grieves me not to be able to alleviate the miseries of the wretched. True, I make no call on the sympathies of others: my grief is of a more sullen, unyielding kind—it loves not participation. Does this suppose a heart of marble? I can feel, though I do not weep. This is a startling assertion to those who have made their estimate of my character by outward appearances. They dissect the skin, and decide in triumph that the breast is nerveless. The surgeon cuts deeper, and finds no want of sensibility in the heart. Despising hypocrisy, my language runs into the extreme of blunt candor. Hating servility, my independence verges on haughtiness, and my manners on insult. With little to praise and much to blame, my character now stands forth prepared to receive with resignation the punishment justice may assign for its faults, and hoping pardon for its defects. Some more might be enumerated, were it necessary to complete to minuteness the sketch. There is enough to satisfy those who read with no evil intentions—the malignantly curious might look for more.

To turn the favorable side of the picture to the inquiring eye, justice to myself might excuse;



but I fear your readers would not. There is enough of egotism in these few lines, without that most disgusting of all, the egotism of self-praise. Youth may benefit by avoiding vice; which have been so fruitful to me; my virtues are not so pre-eminent as to excite emulation.

NEDLEY

**New theory of the Motions of the Planetary System.**—A curious commentary, or rather an attack upon the received system of the planetary motions, has recently been published, in a small pamphlet, by Captain Burney, which is likely to excite the attention of the scientific world, and may lead to the discovery of very unexpected astronomical facts. The author deduces the motion of the whole of our system from the progressive motion of the sun itself; a quality which he says, must be equally possessed by all the heavenly bodies, resulting from the universally acknowledged laws of gravitation. He argues, *a priori*, that, from progressive motion, rotation is produced, &c. *a posteriori*, that a body in free space, having rotation around its own axis, is a clear indication of its being in progressive movement. This he corroborates by the general belief now entertained, that our sun and planets are advancing towards the constellation Hercules. The opinion, that the sun has progressive motion, was not entertained till long after its rotary motion was discovered. Capt. B. states his conviction, that if, from the discovery of the sun's rotation, and the acknowledged universality of gravity, its progression had been inferred, when Kepler first suggested that the planets moved around the sun by means of its atmosphere, the system of this philosopher would have obtained immediate and lasting credit, and that the hypothesis of these bodies being continued in motion by an original *præcrite* impulse, would not have been resorted to in accounting for the phenomena of their motion.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

During the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, the transportation of convicts to this country proved a very great grievance. Dr. Franklin wrote to the minister the thanks of the colonists for the maternal care of Britain to the country, so strongly manifested in this instance; and as a satisfactory proof of American gratitude, sent him a collection of rattle snakes, which he advised him to have introduced into his Majesty's gardens at Kew, in order that they might propagate and increase; assuring him that they would be as beneficial to his Majesty's English dominions as the British convicts were to America.

On the 7th instant, a Public Dinner was given to HENRY CLAY, by a large and respectable portion of his constituents; at which Charles Williams presided, and John Fowler and John H. Morton acted as Vice Presidents. Among the toasts was the following:

**Henry Clay**—The friend of liberty, and the able advocate of the rights of man: we regret the loss of his eloquence and usefulness in the councils of the nation.

On this toast being given—

Mr. CLAY arose, and expressed his grateful sense of the honor he had received, and of the affection and regard which had uniformly been manifested towards him by his fellow-citizens. Nothing, he observed, but a sense of duty to the most imperative to himself and his family, could induce him to abandon a situation so agreeable to him as that which he had so long occupied in their service. He was happy to believe, however, that, although in zeal and fidelity he would yield to none, talents greater than he could devote to their service, might be enlisted by them. He then alluded to the three great topics which had of late principally claimed his attention, in the councils of the nation, viz: Internal Improvement, Domestic Manufactures, and the great cause of freedom in South America. The first object had not been completely obtained, in consequence of honest doubts and scruples respecting the constitutional powers of Congress in relation to it; yet much had evidently been done towards it by extending a belief of its importance, and increasing the disposition to promote it. The value of domestic manufactures, especially to us in the west, Mr. Clay dwelt upon with considerable emphasis, and expressed a conviction that their encouragement was absolutely essential to our prosperity. On the subject of the struggles in South America, he gave, at some length, his reasons for the zeal he had displayed. He believed the Patriots of that country capable of freedom; he believed they deserved it, and he thought it should have been the pride, as well as the duty of this country, to have been first to acknowledge their right to it. On this subject he had been supposed materially to differ from the Executive. It now appeared, that the difference was rather as to the time and the mode, than as to the substance. The Executive had been endeavoring, by negotiation, to procure a simultaneous acknowledgement, by the European powers and ourselves, of the Independence of South America, while he had been anxious that we should act without delay, and without concert with other nations. The only difference, therefore, was that the Executive had been more prudent, perhaps, at least more deliberate, than he would have been; that the Executive had deemed it proper to pay some regard to the views and wishes of other nations, while his desire had been to pursue a course exclusively American, uninfluenced by the policy of Mr. Lord Castlereagh, Count Nesselrode, or any other of the great men of Europe; but it appeared, nevertheless, that both he and the Executive were directing their efforts to the same great end. Mr. Clay then again alluded to his reasons for declining a re-election, and observed, that he had resolved to retain, for a time, the privilege of resigning or not, as circumstances might require, the remainder of the present term. He again feelingly expressed his sense of the encouraging support and flattering degree of confidence he had uniformly received from his constituents, and the peculiar satisfaction he felt, at the prospect afforded by the characters of those brought before the public as candidates for the office he declined, that no injury would result to the community from his retirement.

The new Episcopal Church in Boston, which is now nearly finished, is said, by competent judges, to be the best specimen of architectural elegance and taste in the United States.

The manufacture of White and Red Lead, has been commenced at St. Louis, Missouri.

## INTELLIGENCE.

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
News from all nations lumbering at his back.

### Foreign.

#### LATEST FROM EUROPE.

FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL.

We have received, by the Commerce, our London files and lists to the 12th May.

The close columns of the London prints, so long occupied with details of state trials and executions, are now crammed with debates in parliament, on the corn and criminal laws; commercial restrictions, and the wood trade; contested elections, and the Cato-street conspiracy; the civil list, and catholic emancipation. The ministry have a decided majority in their ranks; but the opposition are treated with the utmost respect and attention. The friends of philanthropy will hear with pleasure, that the criminal code of England is about to be amended; and the sanguinary statutes, which inflict the penalty of death, are to be much abridged. The coronation of the King is to take place the 1st of August; and it is expected that the part of the usual oath to maintain the protestant supremacy will be omitted. Though business was dull, and hard times complained of, the public stocks continued to rise, and the price of specie to fall. We have late letters from Liverpool, which say: "There is nothing politically important stirring here. Every thing is very quiet; and, if possible, the government stronger than ever."

Very little was said in Europe on American affairs; that little was flattering to our institutions.

The eyes of the statesmen of Europe were fixed on Russia; but nothing had appeared in the policy of Alexander to shake the general confidence in the continuance of the existing peace.

Spain was quiet. Expectation was fixed on the meeting of the Cortes, in June, to consolidate the new order of things, and give the nation a new impetus. Most of the people now in office, in Spain, are decided constitutionalists. All the old members of the Cortes have been appointed to places of trust, particularly the patriotic orators; and the king continued to heap honors and titles on Quiroga and Riego, the Washington and Greene of Spain. There were, however, some fears and expectations of a counter-revolution.

LONDON, MAY 11.

Yesterday his Majesty held his first Levee, at which were present nearly two thousand of the first personages of the United Kingdom, mostly in new and most magnificent dresses. The ambassadors and ministers came with their numerous servants in new state liveries. From the immense crowd, and the state of the weather, the state rooms became excessively hot; and though his majesty suffered much from the heat, he received the congratulations of this immense assemblage, without any exceptions. The male branches of the royal family, and the ambassadors, were received in the closet, and the residue in the great hall. There were present, besides the great officers of state, the cabinet ministers, the archbishops, &c. the following ambassadors and ministers: Russian, Netherlands, Austrian, Sardinian, American, Bavarian, Saxon, Sicilian, Swedish, Turkish, Prussian, and Portuguese; an immense number of dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, lords, bishops, generals, and officers of all grades, right honorables, honorables, &c. their names occupying more than two crowded columns of the newspapers.

Among the presentations were the following: Mr. Southey, on being appointed Poet Laureate; and the Duke of Norfolk, who delivered the following address, signed by nearly 20,000 Roman Catholics of Great Britain:

"SIRE: We, your Majesty's faithful subjects, shall ever remember, with affectionate gratitude, the high and multiplied obligations we owe to our late Sovereign:

"After two centuries of ever-increasing severities, his gracious ear first listened to our humble petition for relief:

"If our existence as a body is now acknowledged by the state; if we are now, by law, permitted to offer at the foot of the throne this tribute of our affection and loyalty; if even the most private exercises of our religious duties no longer subject us to sanguinary punishments; if our children are no longer encouraged by law in the violation of the nearest and dearest ties of society; if we are no longer regarded by our countrymen as a proscribed and degraded race; to the unceasing and paternal benevolence of his late majesty, we owe these inestimable benefits. We trust that we have proved ourselves not totally unworthy of them; by sea and by land we have bled among the foremost defenders of our country, and our conduct at home has uniformly evinced our love of peace, order and loyalty.

"That allegiance which we swore to our late sovereign, we, in all humility, offer to your majesty; and we indulge the animating hope, that we shall still continue to find in the throne a friend and protector.

"Accept, Sire, our sincere and fervent wish, that the reign of your majesty may be long, prosperous and happy; and that for ages yet unnumbered, the illustrious house of Brunswick may continue to reign over the persons and hearts of loyal and grateful people."

SALEM, JUNE 28.

#### LATEST FROM CADIZ.

Arrived at Marblehead, brig Dido, Bessom, 43 days from Cadiz, having sailed 13th May.

The message of the President, recommending forbearance as to measures against the Floridas, was received at Cadiz the day before the Dido sailed, and gave great satisfaction.

Cadiz was in an unsettled state; parties running very high. The priests, since the adoption of the constitution, had become more opposed to the king. Some of them had quit the country for France.

On the 10th of May, a great bull feat was given in Cadiz, in honor of the adoption of the constitution; in the midst of the scene the stage erected for the accommodation of the multitude gave way, and 120 of the people were killed. This

was attributed to a design of the priests, and it caused considerable commotion in the city.

#### LATEST FROM LIVERPOOL.

NEW-YORK, JULY 1.

The ship Ann-Maria, from Liverpool, arrived below last evening, having sailed the 21st May. The editors of the Mercantile Advertiser are indebted to captain Waite for sending up their file of papers, Lloyd's Lists, &c. which are to the date of his sailing. The Ann-Maria has a full cargo of dry goods, shipped under the expectation that Congress had passed the new tariff bill, and that it was to go into operation on the 1st of July.

LONDON, MAY 18.

A general meeting of ship owners was held yesterday, at the City of London Tavern, for the purpose of considering a petition to parliament against any alteration in the existing laws, that may be prejudicial to British shipping.

In the discussion of a case this morning in the court of chancery, to which the Queen is a party, Mr. Brougham declared that her Majesty will immediately return to England. This assurance given by her Majesty's legal adviser, puts an end to all speculation on the subject.

Paris papers of Sunday and Monday are received. The Journal des Debats mentions a report prevailing in Paris, that the Queen of England has been for some days in Paris, where her majesty observes a strict incognito.

Hunt has been removed from the King's Bench prison to Hchester gaol. He is sentenced to imprisonment for two years and a half.

Sir C. Wolsely and Parson Harrison, are sentenced to imprisonment for one year and a half.

In the house of commons, petitions from the owners and occupiers of land in various parts of the country, were presented, praying that further restrictions should be imposed upon importations.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

It would seem that a desire for retrenchment and economy is gaining ground in the British parliament. Lord A. Hamilton lately brought forward a motion for abolishing the office of fifth baron of the exchequer in Scotland, for the purpose of saving a salary of 2000*l.* per annum. The motion, though opposed by the whole ministerial force, was negatived by a majority of only 12, in a house of 386 members.

The discussions in parliament are increasing in interest, as they have at length begun to approach the leading points of the existing national distresses; but the debates in both houses have, thus far, been merely introductory to the great questions which are soon to be brought forward. In the house of commons, the debates have turned chiefly on matters connected with the contending claims of the commercial and agricultural interests, between which many difficulties are apprehended. In the house of lords, Earl Stanhope moved for a select committee to inquire into the best methods of affording employment to the poor. His lordship enumerated many specific means of accomplishing that most desirable of all objects. They were severally discounted by Lord Liverpool; some of them on the ground of being inconsistent with the established doctrines of political economy, and others, because they were pernicious in principle, or impracticable in execution. The subject of the Manchester meeting was again to be brought before the house of commons, on the 8th of June, by Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hobhouse. [The Liverpool Advertiser of the 20th, contains a paragraph, stating that news has just been received, and generally credited, that Sir Francis had been condemned to three years imprisonment, and a fine of 5000*l.* at the very time when the unconscious baronet was giving notice in the house of commons, of a motion for inquiring into the Manchester meeting of the 12th of August. Sir F., it will be recollected, has been recently tried, for writing his famous letter in relation to the attack of the yeomanry cavalry upon the people assembled at that meeting. The judgment of the court had been delayed.]

The coronation of the king, which is to take place on the 1st of August, it is said is to be conducted on the most economical scale. The expense will not exceed 100,000*l.* [Economical, truly!]

Letters from Batavia, of the 2d January, state that the whole of the cotton crops have been destroyed by the locusts.

A ministerial paper says, orders have been sent to St. Helena, directing a more enlarged freedom to be allowed to Bonaparte. The expected return of Sir Hudson Lowe is considered as a corroboration of the fact.

A petition was presented to the house of commons yesterday week, by Lord Sefton, signed by 400 respectable inhabitants of Liverpool, praying that in the new arrangements respecting the civil list, the crown may be properly restricted in its power of granting pensions and sinecures without the intervention of parliament.

On the last Canterbury market day, a fellow sold his wife, with a halter round her neck, and a white bow at her breast, for five shillings, which the depraved trio (purchaser, seller, and animal sold) spent in liquor before they separated.

#### EAST-INDIES.

Advices have been received from Batavia to the middle of December last. The Dutch had made two very desperate attempts, but without success, to retake a place of considerable importance on the Island of Sumatra, which had fallen into the hands of the natives, by whom the Europeans had been inhumanly massacred. In the last attack, some ships of war succeeded in getting within fire of the fort, the natives poured in a heavy discharge of musketry and great guns, and set fire to near 100 bamboo houses, which, float-

ing down the current, carried destruction among the vessels. Strong symptoms of dissatisfaction were manifested in several other of the Dutch settlements in India. The treatment of the natives by the Dutch is said to be very barbarous, and it is thought that it is in consequence of such ill treatment that the disaffection is so manifest, that a large force is requisite to keep the natives in subjection.

### Domestic.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 23.

Every day we must add something fresh—some new variety of a hundred times repeated story—to the catalogue of marine barbarities. We have thought of pasting them in a row, in order to see, at the end of the year, their length, (which we imagine might fathom the whole demi-circle of the Legislative Hall;) but the idea discouraged us from the undertaking. The extract which we now make, respecting the fate of Mrs. Allston, reminds us of another transaction connected with the New Orleans pirates, which was lately communicated to us by a resident of New-Orleans, who had every opportunity of knowing the particular facts; and which we do not remember to have seen in print. In 1812, a packet sailed from New-Orleans, bound, we think, to France, in which a number of ladies and fewer gentlemen embarked. Among the former was a French lady whose known wealth was perhaps the cause of a disaster, which in all its details is still left to be imagined, though there is little doubt of its nature. Some months passed away and no intelligence was received from the vessel or its ill-fated passengers; but as a married daughter of the lady whom we have just mentioned, was one morning walking the streets of New-Orleans, she saw, (and fainting at the sight) her mother's jewels on the neck of a woman whom common fame reported to be the mistress of Lafitte. This man stoutly denied that he had any hand in the deed by which they fell into his hands, but alleged that he won them by gambling with the pirates, whose seat was then at the Island of Barrataria. Vessel or passengers were never seen or heard of; and if their bodies were suffered to have a grave in the Ocean unpolluted by those ruffians, it is not doubted in New-Orleans that they were each and every one murdered. Whether the fifteen recently relieved, or any of them, were stained with this piracy we know not; but we presume the facts can be ascertained; and if mercy be allowed to them, it will be so much the greater, but if punishment be demanded, it will be the better deserved.—*Union.*

#### ANOTHER SPECK.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 7.—A short time ago it was made known that a couple of U. States' soldiers had been killed by the Indians on the Upper Mississippi, in the neighborhood of the fort on Itok Island. The upper Missouri now exhibits a scene of the same sort, perpetrated on a trading company from this place. Young Mr. Pratte, son of General Pratte, had made a very valuable commerce with the Mahas during the winter, and was descending the river in the month of May. Between 50 and 100 miles above the Council Bluffs, he was attacked at camp, at day-break in the morning, had one man killed, three wounded, and a ball cut its depth across his own head. After firing 20 or 30 guns, the Indians ran in with their knives and hatchets, and the party of Mr. Pratte with difficulty saved themselves, with the entire loss of their rich cargo of furs. On their arrival at the Council Bluffs, Capt. Magee, of the rifle corps, was detached in pursuit of the Indians. They are believed to be a party of Aricaras, commonly called *Ricacaras*.—This nation lives below the Mandan Villages, are noted for their frequent depredations upon the traders, also for their attacks on the U. States' troops which attempted to carry home the Mandan chiefs who had accompanied Lewis and Clark in their return voyage from the Pacific, and they have much intercourse with the British establishments on the river Assinaboin and Lake Winnipeg.

The Mandan Villages must be occupied by a regiment of U. States' troops, unless the Congress intends to surrender the fur trade and the command of the Indians above the Council Bluffs to the British North-West company.

MOUNT ZION, (GA.) JUNE 30.

We regret to learn, that the Creek Nation in Council, have refused their permission to the establishment of schools and a missionary station in their country. Their jealousy of the intentions of those who wish to benefit them is not in their case unnatural, nor was it altogether unexpected. They have heretofore been compelled to make larger cessions of territory than have been made by any other tribe; and from being powerful in numbers, they are now reduced to comparative insignificance. A considerable part of the state of Georgia, the whole of the states of Mississippi and Alabama formerly belonged to them, and they fear that the attempt will be made to annex the small portion that yet remains to them, to one of these states. The reasons which have induced them to refuse the offers that have been made them are the most powerful in favour of their compliance. They cannot exist long as they now are, in a state of nature, and surrounded by states increasing rapidly in population, and every day enlarging and extending their settlements. Their safety, and the security of what they now possess, must be owing to the introduction of the arts and habits of civilized society. If they remain where they are, they must depend upon agriculture for their support, and they must be reclaimed from the idle and wandering life they now lead. This only can be done by affording them the benefits of instruction. It is pleasing to know that some of the nation are in favour of a missionary establishment, and it is to be hoped that a majority of them will soon be sensible of the necessity of acceding to proposals made to them from the purest principles of benevolence. [Missionary.]

Accounts from various parts of the Union, speak of the prospect of abundant crops.



# CAROLINIAN.

SALISBURY, (N. C.) TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1820.

To the Editors of the Western Carolinian.

THE CLUB.....No. I.

GENTLEMEN:

The appearance of the Western Carolinian forms a new era in—what? not in the history of politics, but in the literary pursuits of a certain club of Cognoscenti, who now offer you their acquaintance. You must know, that there are some half dozen of us, who, for months, have been closely knit together in a knot of literary and social predilections. At our last meeting, the President, with his usual, or rather unusual, eloquence, descanted at considerable length upon the glorious opportunity held out to us by your paper, for opening a correspondence with the world;—he meant the little world hereabouts.—He dwelt upon the advantages and amusements such a scheme would yield to ourselves, and the good it might do others. It would improve us in the art of writing and thinking; it would shed light among the ignorant, and correct the manners of your unpolished readers. The thought was too brilliant to allow of a moment's hesitancy: the plan was at once adopted, and it was settled, that all of us should strait-way turn in to writing. In fancy we already saw our brows shaded with the bays of literary honors, and our temples wreathed with the laurels of victories gained over the foibles and vices of your patrons. Already we fancied ourselves elevated to that spot on Parnassus, where the "Spectators," the "Rambles," and the "Salmagundies," are loitering in the cooling shades of poetic evergreens, sipping the ambrosial dews, listening to the music of the clouds, and holding high converse with Apollo and the Nine. But, sirs, we were brought down a little from these flights of fancy, by the following observations of our President:

"Gentlemen," said he, "having determined to write, we must now settle two or three other small points: 1st. What shall we write about? 2d. How often shall we publish? and 3d. Under what name shall our productions go forth to the world."

On the first point, it was soon determined that we should write about every thing that comes in our way, as in that case we could not fail, in turn, of hitting the taste of our readers, however nice and fastidious. In the next place, for a very good reason, we resolved not to publish more than once a week; and not to be silent more than a month at a stretch, lest our readers might forget us. But to settle the third question, was far more perplexing. To choose a name, that is to transmit our labors to posterity; through which our readers must look at us, as astronomers through telescopes view the Heavens, was no trifling piece of business. We spent several good long hours before we could agree upon the title to be placed over our lucubrations. But before we give you a sketch of our difficulties upon this trying subject, you must be informed, that in our club there are men of different pursuits and callings in life: One of our members belongs to the learned profession of the law; another to the science of medicine; a third is a middle aged bachelor, of easy fortune, who, having no business of his own to attend to, is willing to look a little after the concerns of other folks. Besides these, we have the Belle-Censor, the Beau-Censor, and the man of fashion—but no Dandy.

The question was first put to Mr. Blackletter: "What name shall we assume?" After a few moments of deep cogitation, he gave it as his opinion, that our title should be "Hotch-Pot," which, he said, was a term in law, that meant holding or doing things in common: Moreover, said he, "Hotch-Pot" means hasty-pudding; and without question, some of our productions will be hasty enough: And furthermore, said he, my Lord Littleton, in writing upon this subject, saith—"It seemeth that this word, Hotch-Pot, is, in English, a pudding; for in pudding is not commonly put one thing alone, but one thing with other things together."—*Vide Littleton p. 267.* So, continued he, will be our briefs; they will not always be upon the same subject, but touch upon every thing, and sometimes upon.....nothing. But in despite of the authority of my Lord Littleton, the name of the pudding was set aside, upon the ground that it was inelegant in its euphony; and besides that, it savoured too much of epicurianism. The President then turning to another corner of the room, said, "Well, Dr. Galen Cortex, you have before now

officiated at many accouchments; we hope that your cognoscience will furnish us with something learned, pertinent, and striking—some generic term that will cover every species of our progeny. The doctor's brain went through the different stages of conception, gestation, and parturition... when—O! genius of Hippocrates! what think you he proposed?—"The Pill-Box!"—What a name for periodical essays! The very sound startled Mr. Blackletter from his seat, and set in motion the saliva from his mouth. The learned Doctor went on to observe, that as our productions were to be of a mixed nature, that the label should also be of compound signification. Now, said he, what contains more ingredients than the Pill-Box? It has a little mercury—a portion of gum-arabic—a modicum of jalap—and a plenty of opium: So it will be with our labors: We must now and then give our readers something in the true mercurial style; at times we must gloss over their senses with the varnish of taste, and tinsel of fancy. Jalap would be a proper ingredient in every prescription; as, no doubt, the most of our readers stand in need of something of that sort: and he feared that every line of our numbers would act as an opiate upon the nerves of our admirers.

During the whole of this dissertation, Mr. Blackletter's stomach seemed wreaking with a restless nausea. The fact is, he was but recently convalescent from a severe spell of the blues, and the mere mention of physic gave him the qualms. The Doctor was constrained to give over the pill-box; but he proposed, in its stead, "The Pottle;" for, said he, if we have to "bray fools in a mortar," what instrument is more necessary than a pottle? It was all in vain—the man of laws would consent to nothing that either sounded, tasted, or smelt (to use his own words) medicamentally. He would not even hear of "Vade Mecum," or the "Pharmacopœia."

Our Bachelor of easy fortune was next desired to make a suggestion: Without a moment's hesitation, he proposed that the title of our work should be "Olla Podrida;" for, said he, a word of like meaning was given to a similar publication that appeared some years ago in the famous city of New-York. It was borrowed from the culinary science of the Spaniards, and why not again resort to the same source? Besides, he thought there was as much meaning, and certainly as much music in the sound of "Olla Podrida," as in the word *Salmagundi*. The term itself reminded one of good eating; and he was sure the most of our readers would not dislike it on that account. [The President here gave a sly wink, and remarked, that if it meant good drinking, the young fellows about town would like it still better.]

Mr. Tradewell, our mercantile associate, also proposed half a dozen of names; among which were "The Ledger," "The Desk," &c.; but they were all rejected, on the score of smelling too strong of the counter. The difficult and invincible task of cognomination, (as the Doctor calls it,) was now imposed upon the President; who, after an abundance of consideration, decided that the labors of the Club should go out to the world under the name of "THE CLUB"—and this title was unanimously adopted. Here ended our perplexities upon this all-important preliminary; and here, also, ends the first number of THE CLUB.

For the Western Carolinian.

On the 4th of July last, the Stokes Troop of Cavalry, after parading, retired to a spring for the purpose of celebrating the day, where they partook of a barbecue which had been provided for them, and drank the following toasts; the utmost harmony reigning throughout the day:

1. The Day; the 45th anniversary of American Independence—At each annual return of this day, may we all possess the same amor patriæ which stimulated our forefathers to declare themselves free and independent.
2. The American Constitution—Let not the doctrines of "expediency and necessity" sap its foundation.
3. The Congress of '76—The Declaration of Independence has immortalized their names.
4. The memory of Washington—His own acts are his highest eulogium.
5. Thomas Jefferson—Author of the Declaration of Independence; his fame as imperishable as independence itself.
6. The People—The source of all political and civil power; may they imbibe a greater love of country than of self.
7. John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wert—Their conduct was worthy of the cause they were engaged in, and worthy the example of future generations.
8. James Monroe—A Soldier of the Revolution; in the full enjoyment of the people's gratitude.
9. The Heads of Departments—Honesty, firmness, and intelligence, their surest recommendation.
10. The Heroes of the late war—Sons worthy of their sires.
11. The American army—It taught the invincibles of Europe they were vincible in America.
12. The American navy—It has crowned itself with imperishable laurels; may they never fade.
13. The thirteen old United States—May they exercise to their offspring the same privileges they enjoyed themselves in the formation of constitutions.
14. The State of North-Carolina—May her sons continue to possess the same love of freedom which stimulated the citizens of Mecklenburg to declare independence in May, 1776.

15. The Legislature of North-Carolina—May it in future be composed of members who will think more of the public good than their individual popularity.

16. The Hartford Convention—Commenced in iniquity, carried on in malignity, and ended in disgrace.

17. Marquis De La Fayette—Though a Frenchman in nativity, we claim him as an American in sentiment and by adoption.

18. Science and Literature—Whilst they flourish, neither the insidious arts of the factious, or daring boldness of the ambitious, can endanger our liberties.

19. Commerce and Agriculture—Elated with our commercial prosperity, we have been betrayed into unforeseen embarrassments; let us in future remember that agriculture is the source from whence we derive our national wealth and strength.

20. A Free Press—The scourge of tyrants, the boast of freemen.

21. The Heroes of the Revolution—The champions of freedom, a cluster of sages; long may they live in the memory of a grateful people.

22. Internal Improvement—Its speedy accomplishment will give a new impetus to national industry.

23. South America—A speedy emancipation from the shackles of despotism.

24. The American Fair—Let them never trifle with candid and sincere men, and for ever discard all triflers.

## INCREASE OF CRIME.

A week or two since, was committed to the gaol in this place, a negro man, charged with the crime of a rape upon a white woman.—The case is said to be one of unusual atrocity.

Within a few days, a white man was also committed for the same crime. We forbear to mention particulars, such as we have heard them, farther than that the object, upon whom the attempt is charged, is about 16 years of age, lived with him, and is the daughter of his wife, by a former husband. If the charge be true, it is a crime of a doubly heinous nature, and deserves the severest penalties of human law.

From several statements which we have noticed, of the degree of heat in different places in the Northern States, the present season, we think it must have been much greater than what we have experienced, as yet. Although there are several thermometers in this village, yet we believe no thermometrical journal has been kept, whereby the average heat, so far, can be ascertained, nor the greatest height to which the mercury has risen—we should judge, however, it has not been higher than 93° or 94°. The following journal of the degree of heat for four successive days, at Salem, (Mass.) extracted from the Gazette, of the 23d ultimo, would seem to lead to the paradoxical conclusion, that it is warmer at the north than at the south:—

Monday, 19th, . . . . . 88°  
Tuesday, 20th, . . . . . 93  
Wednesday, 21st, . . . . . 97  
Thursday, 22d, . . . . . 100

## DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 29.—We have at this moment before us a piece of *jaconet muslin*, of a fabric so perfect in every particular, that we may safely assert it to be equal in every respect, to any thing of the kind produced in any part of the world.

Familiar with the finest webs of Asia, we can confidently assert, that the piece before us is equal, in beauty, evenness, and much superior in the finishing, to the fine *mulles* of Hindostan.

This piece is the first experiment made at the factory of Messrs. *Thorp & Slidell*, of this neighborhood, yet it will bear inspection and comparison with any foreign production of the same number of yarn.

This *jaconet* rivals in beauty and texture the lawns of Flanders, and for cravats, ruffles, or fine dresses, has no superior; and we earnestly recommend the products of those ingenious manufacturers to the notice and patronage of every friend of American prosperity.

Why do our females—our mothers of families, and those rising into life, who are to be the parents of the next generation; why do our young females hold back their devotion to the interest and prosperity of their native land? Every nation that has been renowned for its virtues, has derived distinction from the example of its females—the Roman matrons and virgins were ever conspicuous in promoting, by their disinterestedness and patriotism, the glory and safety of their country.

The matrons of America, and the sex generally, whose influence so naturally sways mankind, could derive no honours so desirable, no joys more solid, than by consulting the interests and the honor of their country: the glory would be theirs, in giving the *fashion of social virtue*, and while so many are so honorably employed in protecting the deserted orphan, how much more noble would it be to prevent poverty by preferring domestic industry to that of strangers.

Messrs. *Thorp & Slidell* are not confined to this single article; their checks and shirtings are equally perfect.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As the "main secret of being sublime, is to say great things in few and plain words;" so the surest way for an essay writer to please both the Printer and the public, is to be perspicuous, precise, and, particularly, brief.—As we are not able, by intuition, to decypher every species of hand-writing, it is of some importance to us, and may be of more to our correspondents, that their communications, hereafter, be written in legible characters. Verbum sat.

"FLETCHER" is unavoidably postponed. "FRANKLIN" is in type, and will appear next week.

## Notice.

THE subscribers having removed their Store from Salisbury, wish those indebted to them, to come forward and pay their accounts: those having demands, will present them for payment. Any account that is not settled by the first day of August, will be put into the hands of an attorney for collection.

WOOD & KRIDER.

July 12, 1820.

## Letters from Washington,

On the Constitution and Laws, with Sketches of some of the prominent public characters of the U. States.

A FEW copies of this admired little work, may be had at the Book Store of Messrs. Allen & Locke, July 17, 1820.

## Fayetteville Prices Current.

(CORRECTED WEEKLY FROM THE FAYETTEVILLE GAZETTE.)

MERCHANDIZE.	Quantity rated.	From D. C.	To D. C.
Bacon	lb.	7	8
Beef, mess	10	12	13
fresh	5	6	
Beeswax	25	28	
Brandy, Cog.	gal.	2	60
Peach	55	20	
Apple	35	29	
Butter	lb.	27	29
Coffee	55	60	
Corn	bush.	18	
Cotton, Upland	100 lb.	3	75
Flour, superfine	4	99	
fine	1	1	25
Flax seed	bush.	60	
Gin, Holland	gal.	9	10
Northern	100 lb.	5	6
Hog's lard	lb.	5	6
Iron, Swedish	100 lb.	10	12 1/2
English	lb.	40	45
Lard	gal.	40	50
Molasses	bush.	5	6
Oats	100 lb.	75	1
Pork	gal.	1	25
Potatoes, Irish	100 lb.	3	4
Rum, Jamaica, 4th proof	bush.	45	50
W. Island, 4th do.			
do. 3d do.			
New-England			
Rice	100 lb.	3	4
Salt, Turks-Island	lb.	1	90
Liverpool ground			
Steel, German	lb.	11	12
blistered			
Sugar, Muscovado	100 lb.	22	25
Loaf	lb.	1	12 1/2
Tea, Young Hyson	1	1	25
Hyson	1	1	40
Imperial	1	1	75
Gunpowder	1	1	50
Tobacco, leaf	100 lb.	4	5
manufactured	lb.	10	15
Tallow	bush.	12	
Wheat	gal.	40	65
Whiskey			45

## Wilkinson & Horah,

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE STATE BANK.

MAIN-STREET, SALISBURY.

WOULD inform the inhabitants of this place and its vicinity, that they intend carrying on WATCH and CLOCK REPAIRING, GOLD and SILVER SMITHING—and that they have procured from the city of New-York workmen of the first rate, and also the necessaries for manufacturing Jewelry and Silver-Ware.

The subscribers return their thanks to the public for favors already received, and hope, by a faithful application, to merit the continuance of a share of public patronage. Those who favor them with their custom, may rely on having their work done in the best manner.

Watches, Clocks, and Timepieces, of every description, carefully repaired, and warranted to keep time.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

M. B.—A supply of Watches, Jewelry and Silver-Ware, constantly kept on hand.

CURTIS WILKINSON,

H. HORAH.

## JOHN NORRIS,

TAILOR, FROM ENGLAND.

RESPECTFULLY informs the Citizens of Salisbury, and its vicinity, that he has commenced the

## TAILORING BUSINESS,

In the house formerly occupied by Messrs. Wood and Krider, and where he intends carrying it on in the most fashionable manner, in all its various branches, with the greatest neatness and despatch. He pledges himself that no exertion on his part shall be wanting to deserve the public patronage, which he respectfully solicits.

Orders promptly executed.

Salisbury, N. C. June 20, 1820.—4w3

## LETTERS

Remaining in the Post-Office at Concord, Cabarrus County, N. C. July 1, 1820, which, if not taken out previous to the first day of October next, will be sent to the General Post-Office as dead letters.

ELIZABETH ALLMAN, Abram Alexander, Samuel H. Alsbrook, Daniel Blackwelder, Thomas Basinger, John Baker, John Barringer, Charles Canly, Henry Cress, William Cochran, Michael Cline, Jacob Coleman, Philip Dry, John Garman, William Gibson, Morgan Hall, Sherwood Hatty, Jane Harris, James Henly, William Henning, Francis Kirkpatrick, Christopher Light, James Long, Henry Linker, Geo. L. McCauley, (2) Jno. S. McCaleb, John Moss, (2) Robt. H. Morrison, E. Morrison, William McClellan, Nancy McLarty, Eliza McCurdy, Samuel McCurdy, Archd. Morrison, William Nickols, Philip Ochler, Peter Overcash, jun. Charles Patterson, John Proppes, William Peacock, Henry Proppes, Robert Parvance, John Petree, John Rogers, Mary Russell, Nicholas Ridinhowe, Thomas Steel, William Solomon, Silas S. Scarbrough, William M. Sneed, James E. Tanner, Needham Thomison, Lewis Tucker, Simeon Walker, Exodus Whitley, John Yeoman.

DAVID STORKE, A. P. M.

## In Rowan Court of Equity.

Alexander Long, versus Lewis Board, Jonathan Merrell, Moses A. Locke.

THE depositions of Thomas Todd, Thomas Hartley, George Willis, sen. Samuel Silliman, John Clements, Nicholas Simpson, John Travis, and others, will be taken on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of June next, at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury; and if not all taken on that day, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of them not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of July next; and if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of those not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth days of August next; and, if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of them not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh days of September next; and, if not all then taken, the depositions of the same witnesses, or of them not taken, and others, will be taken at John Howard's tavern, in Salisbury, on the sixth and seventh days of October next. Which depositions are intended to be read as evidence on the trial of this suit; and when and where you may attend, and cross-examine, if you think proper.

ALEXR LONG, Sen.

MAY the 30th, 1820.—9w1

Inserted by request of MOSES A. LOCKE.

## BLANKS, OF VARIOUS KINDS,

For sale, at the Office of the CAROLINIAN





FROM THE NEWARK CENTINEL.

#### A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND IN ADVERSITY.

Thou, thou wert ever only dear,  
In joy or sorrow, peace or danger,  
Then start not Love! 'tis but a tear—  
Then start not at a trembling stranger!  
I weep not for the wealth we had,  
Or fashion's idle splendor fled;  
Oh! no—'tis that thou lookest sad—  
'Tis for thy sighs so oft repeated!

Thou, dear one, smile, as once thou smil'd,  
If but for me thy tears are flowing;  
Some little cot, lone, simple, wild,  
Where nameless flowers around are growing,  
Shall shine a palace proud to me,  
If thou art there to point my duty—  
Delightful scene! while blest by thee,  
Each morn shall breathe of peace and beauty.

Thou' cheeks that glow'd, and hearts that vow'd,  
Are gone when fortune fails to cheer thee,  
Yet Love! far happier from the crowd,  
One heart, unchang'd, is beating near thee!  
Thou' all those sunshine friends are flown,  
Who throng'd our blooming summer bower—  
Oh! say thou art not all alone!—  
I'll share—I'll cheer this adverse hour!

Nay, sigh not thus—thou' thou dost see  
Tears wrap my cheek in pensive sadness,  
'Tis ecstasy to mourn with thee,  
Yet bid thee hope for days of gladness!  
Wealth is not bliss—Look brightly round,  
Recall past scenes of peace and pleasure,  
When, on Passaic's banks, we found  
Love, simple love, life's truest treasure!

How oft, at twilight's holy calm,  
Beside that dear, secluded river,  
We drank the valley breeze's balm!  
Was there one roving wish? Oh! never.  
Then was the maple trembling green,  
With some lone fountain, mildly sporting,  
Sweet emblem of the happy scene—  
Serenely bright and ever court'ing!

And love—true love—doth yet remain,  
With thy fond wife's unalter'd bosom—  
Nor wilt thou feel regret or pain,  
While heaven leaves one fadeless blossom!  
Oh! thou art lovelier far to me—  
Far dearer in this hour of sorrow!  
For I can think of only thee—  
Wish for thy sake a brighter morrow!

S—, OF NEW-JERSEY.

May, 1820.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

From education, as the leading cause,  
The public character its color draws;  
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,  
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste. COWPER.

The safety of a republic is based on the virtue of the people. Good constitutions and wholesome laws can have no salutary effect, or at most, not for any length of time, unless there is virtue enough in the great body of the people to carry them into execution. And when laws for the conservation of public morals, individual rights and property, are few in any state, under whatever forms of government, it is an indubitable evidence of the happiness of such a state, and of the virtue and morality of the people. But wherever we see laws multiplied for the prevention of crimes, wherever we find numerous penal laws loading the statute books, we may at once conclude that such a government is rotten at the foundations, and that the morals of the people, to say no worse, are deplorable. And should we be asked what form of government would best suit a people generally corrupt, we might, without any hesitation, answer, a despotism. The mild and genial sway of a republic is calculated only for a virtuous, and sober, and industrious people—they can be happy, safe, and prosperous under it; but to a people enervated and corrupt, it is a "mere rope of sand"—it possesses no force and efficacy—cannot afford protection to the good, nor restrain and punish the bad. It only makes a mockery of government, by promising protection, when it wants the power to protect; by enacting good laws, but which are destitute of the least efficacy.

I am led to make these few reflections, by noticing the alarming and rapid increase of crimes in this country—alarming to every friend to the perpetuity of our free institutions. To see a nation like ours, which has barely attained to adolescence, blackened with the same crimes which pollute the nations of the old world, whom the increasing corruptions of ages have brought to their present maturity of vice,—throws a veil of darkness over our future prospects, and agitates us with the most gloomy forebodings. Other nations have approached, by regular gradations to that fearful precipice, over which are precipitated all that ennobles humanity, all that is pure in morals, sacred in religion, amiable and endearing in love, and dignified and venerable in justice; but we have vaulted, by a wonderful precocity of crime, to the top of that giddy height beneath which is rolling, with impetuous force the dark stream of destruction, on whose murky billows, unless something be done, will soon be

launched all the bright prospects which have opened on our country, and all the hopes which have swelled our breasts with joy. This is not the production of a distempered imagination, a sickly fancy; but the sound conclusion drawn from undeniable premises: It is the result of that self-evident proposition, "that like causes produce like effects."

To render the stream pure, the fountain must be purified; and to cure the disease which is preying on our vitals, the cause must be eradicated. We must revert to first principles, and see what is wrong in them. And by turning our attention to the elements of our strength and of our safety, we shall find, that by commencing the work of reformation there, the growing evils which are gathering around us, and hurrying our liberties to destruction, can be dissipated, and their recurrence prevented in future. In our children we behold our future statesmen and defenders: with them, then, we must begin the work of reform: in them we must lay deep the foundations of our liberties, by fixing in their tender minds the principles of virtue and morality, which are the Jachin and Boaz of our constitution and free systems of government. "Every age," said the ancient philosophers, "bears within itself the age which is to follow." The age of patriotism, and industry, and sobriety, in this country, was succeeded by freedom and glory, by wealth, and good public morals. And if the present age be corrupt, vicious, and enervated,—we may safely predict, that the next will be enslaved, degraded, and pusillanimous.

It is owing, in my opinion, to the lax manner in which our children are educated, more than to any other cause, that we behold vice so fearfully accumulating among us, and threatening to bury, "in one undistinguished ruin," those inestimable rights and privileges, the attainment of which cost so much blood and treasure. When I speak of education, I do not mean to confine the term to the instruction which children receive in schools; but I intend it to embrace, and more particularly, the whole time during which they are sheltered under the parental wing. On parents is devolved the most important part of their education; and on the instruction which they give them; on the principles with which they imbue their young and susceptible minds—depend their future usefulness and respectability in society, and the liberty and prosperity of our country. Children are imitative creatures, and what they see others do, they are very apt to do themselves. If they behold their parents conforming to the rules of morality and virtue, they will be likely to imitate a love for the same, which will "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength." The responsibility of parents, then, extends not only to the instructions which they give their children, but to the example which they set them. For in vain will they wish them to conduct with honor and propriety, when from under their immediate care, if, when in their presence, they behold little to attract them to the superior pleasures of sobriety, and to the beauty and amiableness of virtue.

The legislators of ancient times bestowed particular attention on the education of children, and prepared them, by early culture and discipline, to perform, with honor and integrity, that part in the affairs of the state, which the revolutions of a few years would devolve on them. They were early taught to reverence the gods, and to perform those religious duties and ceremonies which the religion of their country required. In some states, children were taken from their parents at a very tender age, educated at the public expense, and under the inspection of the government; and in all, or nearly all, of the more renowned nations of antiquity, it was always thought the duty and the prerogative of government, to superintend the education of youth, as thereby laying the surest foundation of the perpetuity and prosperity of their country. In several states in our own country the education of children is considered so important, and so peculiarly necessary in a government like ours, that liberal public provision is made for that purpose, and schools are thickly scattered over every part of the country. None are so poor as not to be able to bestow on their children a good common education, at least—the beneficial effects of this system are every where apparent. Crimes are less frequent there, than in other parts of the Union, where children are left to grow up in ignorance, both of their duty to their country and to their Creator. Morals are better—the great body of the people are sober and industrious—intemperance, which, like the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," is almost daily destroying its thousands and tens of thousands, is there confined to a few, those among the lowest classes, and generally the refuse of foreign nations—religion is less corrupted, her forms simple, and her influence, like the mild and mellow beams of the setting sun, sheds a calm and holy splendor over the moral character of the citizens.

I have, as yet, but barely touched on this important subject; I have only trod on the threshold. It presents too many powerful considerations, is too big with interest, and too important in its consequences, to be treated lightly, and in a hasty manner. And, besides, it will be more agreeable to you, Messrs. Editors, and to your readers, to have your correspondents practice brevity, and not tire out your patience and theirs, with a tedious and in motonous prolixity. But I shall, however, in such leisure moments as I may have, resume this subject, and, with your permission, lay my reflections before your readers.

ALIQUIS.

*Build, new.*—A mechanic in the north of England, has invented a machine for sewing, which, by means of steam, not only warms the room, but fags all the boys, on a graduated scale.

#### WASHINGTON.

Every thing which relates to the life and actions of this great and good man, cannot fail to interest every reader whose bosom is warmed by American feelings. Of all men, the name of Washington must be most dear to American hearts, and as the years roll away, instead of being lost in distance, the more brilliant do his virtues appear, and the more strongly convinced are we of the true greatness of his character. "There is a mournful pleasure," says the eloquent Dr. Collier, "in recalling the actions and reviewing the feelings of those who are gone before. Time has effected changes by his slow devastations, which speak to the heart: and we cannot hear the voice of years departed without feeling our attention arrested: amid the suspensions of our employments, giving reverence to the testimony of those whose wisdom, snatched from that all destroying hand, remains upon record for our instruction."

The following interesting anecdote of the Father of our republic, we find in Bissett's continuation of Hume; and we do not recollect to have met with it in any other place. It illustrates, in a most forcible manner, the over-ruling hand of Providence, in directing the operations of a man's mind, in moments when he is least aware of it. This curious incident, from which it appears that the life of the hero was in imminent danger, took place during some skirmishing, a day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, and is detailed in a letter from major Ferguson, who commanded a rifle corps in advance of the Hessians under Gen. Knyphausen, to his friend in England. The letter in question gives the following account:

"We had not lain long, when a rebel officer, remarkable for his Hussar dress, passed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in a dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat.—I ordered three good shots to steal near them and to fire at them; but the idea disgusted me, and I recalled the order. The Hussar in returning made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, levelling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a doz. balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach, I had only once to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty, so I let him alone. The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of the surgeons who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in and told us that they had been informing him that Gen. Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point above described. I am not sorry that I did not know who it was.

[Connecticut Mirror.

*Remarkable Phenomena at Christiana.*—The following curious details have been received from Christiana in Norway:—On the 7th ult. the barometer rose to the extraordinary height of 29 inches 16 lines, which has not taken place here for a great number of years. The sea was eight feet lower on that day than it has been for the last 20 years. Professor Hansteen, who measured its height, made also some experiments on the intensity of the magnetic force, and found the needle in such agitation that he could obtain no fixed results from his experiments. These different phenomena appear to portend some extraordinary revolution in nature.

#### MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

##### ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

ARCHIBALD ALISON, L. L. B. Prebendary of Sarum, Rector of Rodington, &c. &c. Edinburgh, is known to the learned American reader, generally speaking, by his celebrated *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*. As the author of sermons he is not, perhaps, so generally known. In a volume of his sermons, preached on particular occasions, there is one on each of the four seasons; and from the one on Autumn, preached from the text of Isaac meditating at eventide in the fields, the following elegant extracts are taken:

"There is an even-tide in the day—an hour when the sun retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only, in their imagination, with images of gloom;—it is an hour, on the other hand, which, in every age the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendors of the day.

"Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow, with our eye, the descending sun,—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil,—and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness

to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression, there is a second, which naturally follows it:—In the day we are living with men,—in the even-tide we begin to live with nature;—we see the world withdrawn from us,—the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour, fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved, there is yet a farther scene it presents to us:—While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, Heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these."

"There is, in the second place, an "even-tide" in the year,—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light,—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if, by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet, it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched, but to fine issues.

"When we go out into the fields in the evening of a year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of Heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewn with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid the apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "of the way-faring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring,—the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay;—and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain."

"Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass,—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave;—the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better.—The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our own passions;—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all;—we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls, with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or bless them.

"If there were no other effects, my brethren, of such appearances of nature upon our minds, they would still be valuable,—they would teach us humility; and with it they would teach us charity."

The final application of this great moral of nature is as follows:—

"There is an even-tide in human life; a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instructions the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and, with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being; and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

"In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven.—It mingles its voice with that of revelation,—it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation: And, while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God."